

Romance Land for Women

It's Right Here in New York, Says the Insurance Woman

"Love still bears a part in dictating the affairs of daily life," said a woman insurance agent who writes policies among her own sex, exclusively, and thus comes in contact with all sorts and conditions of women. "There is plenty of romance floating around here, right here under the shadow of the elevated. In fact, I think New York and the far West bear the palm for romance in love affairs."

"In a certain business office in this city a middle aged widow and a middle aged girl were employed three years ago, that is, the girl had been in business life ten years or so. She was a heroic little soul, though few knew it. She was supporting not only herself, but a sister and brother-in-law. The man was an invalid, and the wife, who had never earned a dollar, and would not have known how, took care of him. The breadwinner sister paid the bills, kept a cheerful cheek to the world and never let anyone know she was engaged in a hand to hand fight with the wolf."

"Now the motherly widow in the office belonged to a queer little organization called the Christmas Guild. It was a little circle of women who each Christmas made their business into presents to people who otherwise would not get any at all. The gifts naturally went largely to the very poor of the city."

"One Christmas the widow came into possession, through a dealer, of a large package of Christmas cards. A Christmas card is a rather useless thing, and the woman hardly knew what to do with them. Finally she hit upon sending them to personal friends, with the request that they be distributed, in accordance with the spirit of the guild, among persons who were not likely to be remembered in any other way."

"The young woman in the office had a knack at writing verses—little jingles without too much rhapsody in their feet. The widow asked her to expend some of her talent on the Christmas cards. So she employed her spare minutes for several days in scribbling the products of her genius in the blank spaces, and it happened that one package of those cards went to an old friend of the sender who was the wife of a cattleman in Montana. The cattleman's wife scattered them among the bachelors in the neighborhood, most of whom were proper recipients of the gifts, according to the provisions of the guild."

"After a while the girl who had written the verses got a letter from a ranchman in Montana. It came through the cattleman's wife, who gave the writer a good character. A correspondence was begun which lasted several months. Then the man turned up in New York. The girl found him at her home one night when she returned from the office. He proposed the same evening, to the honest surprise of the girl, who told him he must be crazy to propose to a woman the first day he saw her. She accepted him, however, a few days later, and now she lives on a big ranch with a Chinaman in the kitchen and a good horse to ride. Her next door neighbor is several miles away, but she doesn't mind to find it lonesome or to regret the change."

"I knew another middle aged girl engaged in dollar chasing in New York who one day received a letter from a man down in Alabama. She showed me the letter, and it certainly was a queer one. The man recalled to her mind that he once had paid to a married sister in another city. He was a married man then, but had been a widower for three years. He had joined a colony of Northern people who had taken up a tract of land on Mobile Bay. He was making money and would like her for a wife. Would she accept the position?"

"The queer thing about it was that the girl could not remember ever meeting such a man. Neither his name nor his personality had made sufficient impression on her to be retained in her memory. She wrote to her sister, however, and the sister gave a satisfactory report. So a correspondence was begun which resulted in the man making a trip to New York. But the move was fatal to him. Had he remained at a distance he might have been able to marry the girl by proxy, but the first sight of him settled the case."

"She told me she conceived a repulsion for him on the threshold, and by the time he had taken a seat she had made up her mind not to marry him. He was a gentleman and seemed to think highly of her, but it was no use. She never got over wondering how it was that she made impression enough on him in an interview to bring about such a result when he did not make enough on her to be retained in memory."

"And to make it more curious, she was not in the least good looking. She used to be a husky girl in a very funny way. 'Here was a chance,' she would say, 'to be taken care of and have an easy life, and come into a little property at last, for the man was twenty years older than I and would surely have had the decency to make me a widow. And I couldn't take it. Just my luck!'"

"She is married now, and though she doesn't get any property with her man she never seems to regret her thriftless choice. 'Some years ago I knew four maiden

ladies in a little New England town. The oldest had passed the age of good looks, but the younger three were all beautiful girls, though that did them little good in a country where the ratio of women to men was more than 16 to 1. Two of the sisters were dressmakers, the third was a clerk in a dry goods store and the youngest was in the high school. They had inherited the old family residence they lived in, and their social position was, of course, very different from what it would be in New York, for instance. But still their life was monotonous and unexciting to a degree unimaginable by one who does not know the environment."

"When the youngest of the four reached the self-supporting age she decided, that she wanted to see something of the world, and after graduating from the high school she learned stenography, came to New York and got a place with a manufacturer in a city close by. Within a year she married her employer. I saw her the other day. She had on a Russian sable cloak which must have cost \$2,000, and that delicate, intellectual, New England type of beauty she had always had, set off by the latest fashions, had become positively pathetic."

"As soon as she was married she sent for the next older sister to live with her. This sister was even prettier, and she has made an even better marriage than the other."

"I expect that, between them, they will place the next older sister before long. These girls had the universal passport of beauty. All they needed was an environment in which there were a few men to appreciate it."

"A few years ago a wealthy woman in Denver had a housemaid who attracted the attention of such of her callers as had an eye to see, by her refinement and good breeding. After a while she disappeared, and her former employer was strictly non-committal as to her whereabouts, saying nothing except to speak in the highest terms of her qualities. The facts of the story came into my possession, and they were very interesting."

"The girl had been graduated from one of the big Eastern colleges for women. She had taken the course at the expense of strenuous sacrifices on the part of her family, and was exceedingly anxious to become an earner at once upon her graduation. She was well fitted to step at once into a good pedagogic position."

"But at the very moment of graduation, coming under the care of a physician, he told her the sad news that her lungs were in very poor condition. They were not diseased, he said, and if she could go directly to a proper climate and live in it for some years they would in all probability become perfectly sound, but they remained where she was for the next few years she risked tuberculosis. There were tendencies to tuberculosis in her family, and she took the advice to heart."

"She started straight for Colorado, hoping to get a school. But just at that time there was a serious agitation in that State over the risk to children of employing so many Eastern camp followers in the schools. She was told to leave the State, and she did so, but she did not leave the State until she had secured a position in a school in Montana. It came through the cattleman's wife, who gave the writer a good character. A correspondence was begun which lasted several months. Then the man turned up in New York. The girl found him at her home one night when she returned from the office. He proposed the same evening, to the honest surprise of the girl, who told him he must be crazy to propose to a woman the first day he saw her. She accepted him, however, a few days later, and now she lives on a big ranch with a Chinaman in the kitchen and a good horse to ride. Her next door neighbor is several miles away, but she doesn't mind to find it lonesome or to regret the change."

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ARTISTS' MODELS ARE BETTER LOOKING NOW

And That Is Largely Due to the Only Art Workers' Club for Women in the World—An Organization Planned by New York Women.

The only Art Workers' Club for Women in the world, whose home is at 224 West Fifty-eighth street, has been such a success that plans are under consideration for opening a similar club in Boston early next fall and subsequently establishing others in Chicago and in Philadelphia. Furthermore, the club is dreaming of a day, not very distant, when it shall erect a studio building for women artists."

The club now has as members 350 painters and sculptors and models. That is doing pretty well for an organization which was started half a dozen years ago in one room in East Fifty-ninth street. The club owes its origin to a desire entertained by Miss Helen S. Sargent, then a student at the Art Students' League, to bring painters and painters' models into sympathetic relations on a common social basis. Her experience at the art school showed her that art students were inclined to be indifferent to the welfare of the women who posed for them; that as a general thing painters and sculptors of either sex, had little consideration for their models, and that the public in general failed to understand that posing by models was absolutely essential to art. She saw, too, that many of the models in the school were keenly conscious of the lack of sympathy between the artists and themselves."

Miss Sargent went to work to remedy matters, and the club was the result. The American model, said the superintendent of the club to a *Sun* reporter, "is very different from the average model one sees in older countries. The latter as a rule belongs to the serving class and from one standpoint is a social outcast. In Paris there are hosts of women who will pose for a square meal."

"In New York it is different. America is establishing an art of its own and on the democratic principles characteristic of our country. Over here it is more and more recognized that the model has an important role to fill in the making of a picture and that just in the degree to which she consecrates herself and her best powers to art will she elevate art and her own character."

"During the last half dozen years there has been a great improvement in this class of art workers, for the reason perhaps that painters demand more and more of a model. It used to be the exception to find a model that was more than flesh and bones, whereas now young women of refinement, intelligence, often of strong character, take up the work."

TREASURES IN OLD SPOONS.

\$3,450 WAS PAID FOR ONE NOT SO VERY LONG AGO.

A Set of Ancient Apostle Spoons Presented at Christening sold for \$24,500—All Sorts of Interesting Things in Spoon Lore—Some Rare Specimens.

There is a widespread and growing interest in all old silver, but perhaps of the many antique pieces that attract both the amateur and the collector with equal fascination there is none that has a greater charm than the old silver spoon.

A French scholar says, "Spoons are old. I do not claim that they are as old as the world, but they are certainly as old as man." After which it is easy to believe that for the last five or six centuries spoon self-respecting family, of however humble station, but could boast at least one spoon to its name, whether of silver, pewter, or even wood.

That spoons are the direct lineal descendants of the shell and horn spoons with which our ancestors were wont to convey food to their mouths, is evidenced by the fact that many examples of these ancient spoons are seen in museums and also of the spoon of wood, which was the next step toward the spoon of today. It is from the wooden spoon that the word is derived, as the old English word "spoon" meant a small piece of wood.

That metal spoons were used in Biblical days is certain, for in Exodus the Lord tells Moses to make spoons of gold for use in the Tabernacle, and to-day there are to be seen in the British Museum spoons which certainly were used in the early days of Christianity, besides others found in the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

Anointing spoons are as old as the time when Nathan, the prophet, anointed Solomon as the ruler of Israel, and they have been used to anoint kings from that time to the present day. The spoon with which Edward VII. was anointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury is at least six hundred years old, and has been used for the purpose of anointing the kings of England ever since it was remade for the coronation ceremonies of Charles II.

Another spoon of great antiquity is the "Pursey Spoon," given by Henry VI. to his friend and protector, Sir Ralph Pursey in 1445, at the time when he was concealed in Sir Ralph's house after the battle of Hexham. This spoon has the pear shaped bowl of the usual form of all ancient spoons previous to the Restoration; the handle is octagonal and at the end is flattened out to form a seal, on which is carved the King's badge, a single rose. Inside the bowl, near the shaft, is the hall mark of the thirteenth century sterling silver, a leopard's head, and on the back of the bowl is the mark of the maker, a heart in outline.

This spoon is the most ancient known piece of silver in existence that bears the indisputably authentic hall mark of the

"Nowadays the painter wants temperance, charm, atmosphere, as well as flesh and bones in his model. The commercial girl is all right to pose for the camera or for illustrations, but for a painted picture she is not a success."

A model's work is not easy, and the artist who chooses it is that the law of natural selection sends her to the studios. She is urged along by an artistic instinct which must be gratified. Her eye and hand are not trained to pursue art, therefore she must pose in order to get into an art atmosphere."

"We have models in the club who are paying their way through the Art Students' League by posing. One of these is a Swedish girl who speaks little English and who, just as soon as she struck New York, wandered to the studio looking for work."

"Of the 150 models who belong to this club I know of none who is not thoroughly in earnest. I have been amused now and again at curious minded visitors of the other sex who put in an appearance every once in a while at afternoon tea, which is a feature of the club, evidently expecting to see sires and Venuses willing and anxious to be whisked off in a hansom for a lark. No, the girls they actually meet don't whisk away a cent, and the visitors go off disappointed and alone."

"Besides the 150 models the membership includes 200 painters, three sculptors and nearly 100 associate members—all well known to the club, and the dues for all of them are paid in advance of \$5.00 a lot to keep up the financial end of the club and have been the means of helping us into this building."

"We moved here really eight months ago, but it is only within the last few weeks that we started the restaurant and increased the scope of the costume bureau until we are even prepared to make a costume at the club's expense for one year, and there is an endowment fund of \$10,000.25 given by Miss Elizabeth W. Roberts, which it is her intention to increase until the income from it shall be \$300 a year."

Artist members have the benefit of the employment bureau for models free of charge; outside artists pay an annual fee of \$2. The officers of the Art Workers' Club for Women are: Miss Sargent, president; Miss Constance Curtis and Miss Georgiana Howland, vice-presidents; Mrs. John W. Alexander, secretary; Mrs. William H. Hyde, assistant secretary; Miss Ida Knapp, treasurer."

The costume bureau, the only thing of the kind anywhere, was started a couple of years ago by the gift of a few evening gowns. Now it represents more than a

hundred costumes, comprising Greek and Roman draperies, European peasant, national and historical dresses and all sorts of fancy costumes which are lent or rented to members at the nominal price of 50 cents or \$1 a week, or a few cents for one hour or part of a day. To get the same thing at a second hand dealer's would cost \$4 or \$5 a week. This department also contains draperies for backgrounds and various musical instruments, headgear and footwear, flowers, feathers and fans of many periods."

In the restaurant breakfast or luncheon costs 15 cents and dinner 25 cents. Afternoon tea, by the way, is served in the rear clubhouse by the club every afternoon, is free to the members and their guests. "Why, certainly the restaurant pays," said the superintendent. "This is not a charity. There is a practical side to art just as there is to anything else. An artist can't do good work without proper machinery, part of which, I think, is a good meal occasionally."

"In this club the management undertakes to help the artists on the practical side of things, leaving them free of care by providing meals as cheaply as they can do it for themselves in their own rooms."

"Don't bother about making a pudding," I tell the girls. "Make pictures. That's your business just now."

"Before long we hope to have the club entirely self-supporting. As it is, the cost of this from the costume bureau pay the rent of that room; the restaurant clears expenses, and the dues, which are only \$2 a year to artists, pay the working force—three servants, a janitor, the superintendent and her assistant, who is also bookkeeper."

By the generosity of Miss Grace Dodge, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Archer Huntington and Mrs. James Alexander the cost of this building is guaranteed for one year, and there is an endowment fund of \$10,000.25 given by Miss Elizabeth W. Roberts, which it is her intention to increase until the income from it shall be \$300 a year."

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spoons will be understood when some of the prices paid for them are known. One set sold in 1903 for \$24,500, while another, of less ancient date, brought \$5,000. A single Apostle spoon, bearing on its bowl a figure of St. Nicholas and on the stem the inscription, "St. Nicholas, pray for us," sold in London five years ago for the unheard of sum of \$3,450, the most exaggerated price ever paid for a single spoon so far as can be ascertained."

The most modern Apostle spoon of which there is any record, bears the date 1665. It is believed that about that period the custom of giving them as presents at baptisms began to wane."

Other spoons of interest, though not of such great antiquity, are the little "caddy spoons," which made their appearance when tea drinking became fashionable more than two hundred years ago. All of these spoons have very short stems and handles, with bowls of some fanciful design, some perforated, but the majority shell shaped and fluted. A few were made like miniature spoons, with handles of ebony, and some of the bowl and handle were made of ivory, the handle being formed by the leaf stem curling around into a ring."

The hall mark on a spoon has varied in position with all the other marks, but the first was made, and as this is one of the important things in determining the date of a spoon, together with the position of the bowl, it is necessary to know what year each change was made in."

To within a few years after the Restoration the hall mark was always on the inside of the bowl, while all other marks were on the back of the handle. But after this all marks were put on the back of the handle, near the bowl end, until the latter part of the eighteenth century, when they were removed to the other end of the handle. It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that they were again put at the end of the handle nearest the bowl, where they now are."

In the fascinating study of old spoons it is interesting to note the growth of the patterns that are in use to-day from the crude, and yet not at all unattractive, designs of the early examples. In many cases the modern patterns are adaptations of the old English hall marks put on pieces of plate by their makers hundreds of years ago, or by the ancient Goldsmiths' Company, which gave a complete set of the weight of silver in England since the thirteenth century."

Two of the patterns with which we moderns are so familiar are the "fiddle head," the plain stem with a sharp, angular shoulder on each side, and the more ornate "candy pattern," with its curves and convolutions. Both of these patterns are more than a century old, but, with only the very slightest alterations, are exactly the same in design made to-day as they were when they first appeared."

Farmers' Wives and Telephones. From the Nebraska State Journal.

The farmer's wife who opposed rural free delivery, and later the introduction of the telephone, because they would take away about all the excuse she ever had to go anywhere, will have further cause of complaint if the talk of putting into use a new special telephone stamp brings about any practical results."

The telephone stamp is a stamp that is to be attached to letters, and finally so arranged that the farmer's wife can send her husband's letters, and have the postage goods they pay for sent out by rural free delivery, her only protection will be to go to the post office on Sunday, and by that time they may be preaching by telephone."

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UNDER BEN FRANKLIN'S NOSE.

ORIGIN, PROGRESS AND ENDING OF A NEWSBOY'S FIGHT.

Hot Competition Between Two Ten-Year-Old Merchants and a Fourteen-Year-Old Lad Who Can Fight for Their Rights—A Misguided Man Intervenes.

"A misguided man," was the comment of one spectator who had been dozing during a newsboy's fight in Printing House Square, and the action of an evidently well intentioned person of middle age who had broken through the ring of spectators surrounding the boys and stopped the scrap, and it seemed at least possible that if the man who had thus interposed had known the origin of the struggle he would have let the boys fight it out.

It is common for small newsboys, friends, to work in couples, taking stations in the street a few feet apart, one trying to pick up customers that the other misses. Like bigger newsboys the little fellows have to stare off intruders who would come in and try to do business in the territory they have preempted.

Two small boys, partners, each 10 years old, or barely a little more, had taken station about ten feet apart, in the square by the busy crossing just south of the Franklin statue. Passing one of the two small boys who stood nearer the statue came a much bigger boy, a boy of 14 or thereabouts, but not a newsboy, who, as he went by, made a grab at the small newsboy's papers. It was the act of a big, strong, lawless boy who thought he could take advantage of the little fellow, and simply went ahead and did it, robbing the small boy's rights. He thought he was big enough to get away with it.

The small boy's arm instinctively and automatically closed on the papers held under it, but the big boy got his hand on one and tore a way half of it, with which he started on.

The small boy stood for this despoiling by a boy big enough to eat him up? Why, the idea never even crossed his mind. He let go of all his papers, dropped them right where he stood and made for the big fellow and came up with him by the statue just under Ben Franklin's nose, and saluted him on the spot. And his small side partner, ten feet down the row, who had heard or seen the beginning of the ruction and like the first one had dropped his papers where he stood, was by his side in a moment, and then the two little fellows sailed into him on the spot. And his small side partner, ten feet down the row, who had heard or seen the beginning of the ruction and like the first one had dropped his papers where he stood, was by his side in a moment, and then the two little fellows sailed into him on the spot.

Friendly newsboys had promptly picked up the papers that the two boys had dropped, to hold on to and return them after the fight was over, and these joined the ring which quickly surrounded the fighters.

The big fellow fought, though not with great zest, but the little fellows fought into the big one with all the strength they could command. To them it was a matter of great importance to win, and they showed it. They were determined to win. They may not have reasoned it out at all, but they knew they had to fight at the drop of the hat, and fight big boys as well as little, if they were going to do business there at all. This same big boy might come along the next night and grab again. They had to fight or quit, and they never thought of quitting.

The dusk was growing when the fight began and the lights were coming out along Park row, and two cops over on the Park side, seeing the crowd forming near the statue, came over to inspect it, but they did not come in a hurry, maybe they knew exactly what was happening and didn't want to be disturbed. The two small boys utilized every minute of the time and made things as warm for the big fellow as they could.

They couldn't reach the big one anywhere above his shoulders by striking out straight from their own, so they had to strike at an angle to do that. They were so much smaller, but they did this with activity and agility, sailing into him in great haste from all sides. And while they did it the big fellow was very busy, and though the fight was never fought to a finish, it is probable that they had already fully convinced him that it would be well for him to keep away from them in future.

And then the fight was broken up by the newcomer on the scene, who hated to see boys fight, and who was described by the quoted spectator as a "misguided man."

Women's Trousters at Hyderabad.

From the London Daily Mail.

The first time it was introduced into the harem of one of the noblemen of Hyderabad, in the last of the century, it was a great success. The ladies dressed in light flitting trousers, made of thin muslin, the best of the fabric, and these trousers as close fitting as possible, they are actually seen on, and are taken off and changed about once a fortnight.

lish instructor who gives these rules for walking young.

"To walk young, walk erect. Bring the abdomen in. Throw the chest out. Take long steps. Place the feet at right angles, or as nearly so as you can. Lift the chin. Throw back the head. Raise the eyes. Breathe deeply. And don't mope."

And in addition to these rules a man who teaches walking to the debutantes of the 400 says:

"Learn body balance. Stand on one foot several hours each day. You will never walk well if you do not learn to balance yourself."

"Swimming girls always walk well. They get a certain slender adroitness in their movements. They get a certain poise, a grace, a swiftness which is most attractive in the walker."

"There is one infallible rule for walking well. If you are slim, walk rapidly. Nightingale is more poetic than the light of a sun. A pretty girl gliding over the ground as fast as her feet will carry her."

"There is always a suggestion of littleness which is very attractive and in some cases bewitching. Diana, at the chase walked rapidly over the ground, going so swiftly that she might have been running."

"There is a suggestion of littleness in the slim woman. But the woman who weighs 180 pounds should walk slowly. There is a dignity of carriage which she should adopt."

HERE IS A WOMAN WHO HAS LEARNED THE SECRET OF BEING EVERYTHING

"How old am I?" asked a woman who was sunning herself in the sun parlor of a winter resort. "You cannot tell. Nor can any one else."

"I have learned the secret of disguising my age. I do not do it by legerdemain. I do it by actualities."

"Legerdemain and hoodwinking may do for a time. But you can't keep on fooling people in such a matter. You must let them see you in your real light sooner or later."

"Here am I, a woman of uncertain years, looking a great deal younger than I really am. And when I am ten years older I expect to look a great deal younger still. It is all a matter of learning how to look young."

"Here, offhand, are a few of my rules. They are not set and absolute, but they will do as a sort of guide."

"Dress younger than you are. Never dress older."

"Never wear old ladies' clothes, no matter how old you get to be. Forget caps and wraps and shawls and easy chair gowns."

"Keep your figure young. You cannot hope to look young if your figure is old."

"When you look in the looking glass, gaze

at yourself from the back, not from the front. If you look old, that is the point of view from which to realize the fact."

"Beware of what Kate Field called the middle aged figure. It is round in the shoulders and hunched up in the belt line. There is a certain rolipoly look about the woman who is older than she ought to be."

"Take care of your hair. Strangely hair goes with old age. Old people forget to shampoo and they give up waving their locks."

"Don't let your hands get bony. Bony fingers belong to the aged. Keep the knuckles plump by the use of a plumping cream."

"Watch your boots. Flat old shoes, sloppy and unattractive, are affected by old women. You can generally gauge a woman's age by the looks of her heels."

"Beware of hobbies. Don't have your mind irrevocably set on all subjects. Be changeable. Be youthful and ready. Young people are never set in their ways."

"Take care of your expression. The look of settled sadness comes over most faces at 40. Though you are 60, force your lips to

smile.

"Lift them at the corners and make them bow. Do this if you are 100, even though your teeth be false and your cheeks flabby. You can still force your lips to smile."

"Keep your teeth nice. Old people are apt to neglect them. Nice white teeth are the property of every attractive young woman. You can't be a nice young looking woman if your teeth are neglected."

"Sit up straight, walk erect and be brisk in your manner. Old people are tired all the time. If you feel tired, take walking exercises and massage and get rid of that awful tired feeling."

"Don't act old if you want to be young."

"These are simple rules and there is nothing strange about them. But they are hard to follow, judging by the number of women who do not follow them. Yet all women want to look young."

"There is a woman of my acquaintance who is easily 50 and looks now about 30. I changed her apparent age in a single month."

"I went to call upon her one sunny afternoon, when all the world was out having a good time. And to my sorrow I found her in tears. 'I look old,' said she, 'and people

treat me as if I were even older than my age. This afternoon my nephew called and asked me indirectly what disposition I had made of my final estate. Oh, it is awful—this being an old woman!'"

"I comforted her as well as I could."

"Do not grieve," I said, "but trust yourself to me and I will make you young. First get a new pair of corsets. You are wearing an old fashioned set of stays that make you look flat on the hips and flat in the back."

"Get a new style, straight in front, small in the waist, snug in the back and wide in the hips. They are really wonderful, these new corsets."

"She did as I told her and in a little while I was rewarded by seeing her trim and neat and even smart in her figure."

"Of course, all her clothing had to be made over, as it was either too tight or too loose, and her skirts were either too long or too short. It was really wonderful to note the change which a good, smart corset made in her appearance."

"Then she began the cold cream treatment. And here came the astonishing part."

"For years she had not treated her skin

with anything but soap and water. She had used a cheap soap and a cheap water, and her skin was dry and cracked. I told her to use a good cream, and she did so. And in a few days her skin